



THE TRAGEDY OF
DARFUS. 1604. see

Actus Primus. *Tragedie next*
per. No proof
DARIVS. *of antiquitee*

What thundering power grow'n jealous of my state
With such hostilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
And arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with disdaine, high indignation showes.

Whil'st sooth'd with selfe conceits asham'd to doubt,
In greatnesse shadowe I securelie slept,
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheeles about,
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.

Thus I, whole onlie name amaz'd my foes,
Whom th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am so degraded now, and funke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.

Ah then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,
And *Phoenix-like* renew'd their life by death,
Who hauing seal'd their fort and faith with blood,
Would rather die, then draw a borrow'd breath.

Yet I, but *not* view'd nor aveng'd,
Those monstrous *murders* of my subjects flaine,
Although my conscience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

B

Through



THE TRAGEDY OF
DARFUS. 1604. see

Actus Primus. *Tragedie next*
per. No proof
DARIVS. *of antiquitee*

What thundering power grow'n jealous of my state
With such hostilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
And arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with disdaine, high indignation showes.

Whil'st sooth'd with selfe conceits asham'd to doubt,
In greatnesse shadowe I securelie slept,
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheeles about,
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.

Thus I, whole onlie name amaz'd my foes,
Whom th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am so degraded now, and funke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.

Ah then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,
And Phoenix-like renew'd their life by death,
Who hauing seal'd their fort and faith with blood,
Would rather die, then draw a borrowed breath.

Yet I, but then not view'd nor aveng'd,
Those monstrous mountaines of my subjects flaine,
Although my conscience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

The reason of these leaves being clumsily mended & unskilfully inserted arises from my considering them to be so precious, that I would not trust them out of my own hands, the binders merely supplying the cover.

There can be little doubt but that they are a portion of the first & hitherto unknown edition of the First Part of Henry the Fourth, published by Wise early in the year 1598. The edition of 1598, as hitherto known & styled the first, was no doubt published later in the same year. I gather that this is the first, not only from the orthography of the word Hystorie in the head-line, the other reading Historie, but from the circumstance of the word fat in the last line of the present fragment not being found in any other copy. Omipicia is one of the commonest errors of our early printers, & it is something at this late day to recover even a single lost word written by Shakspeare.

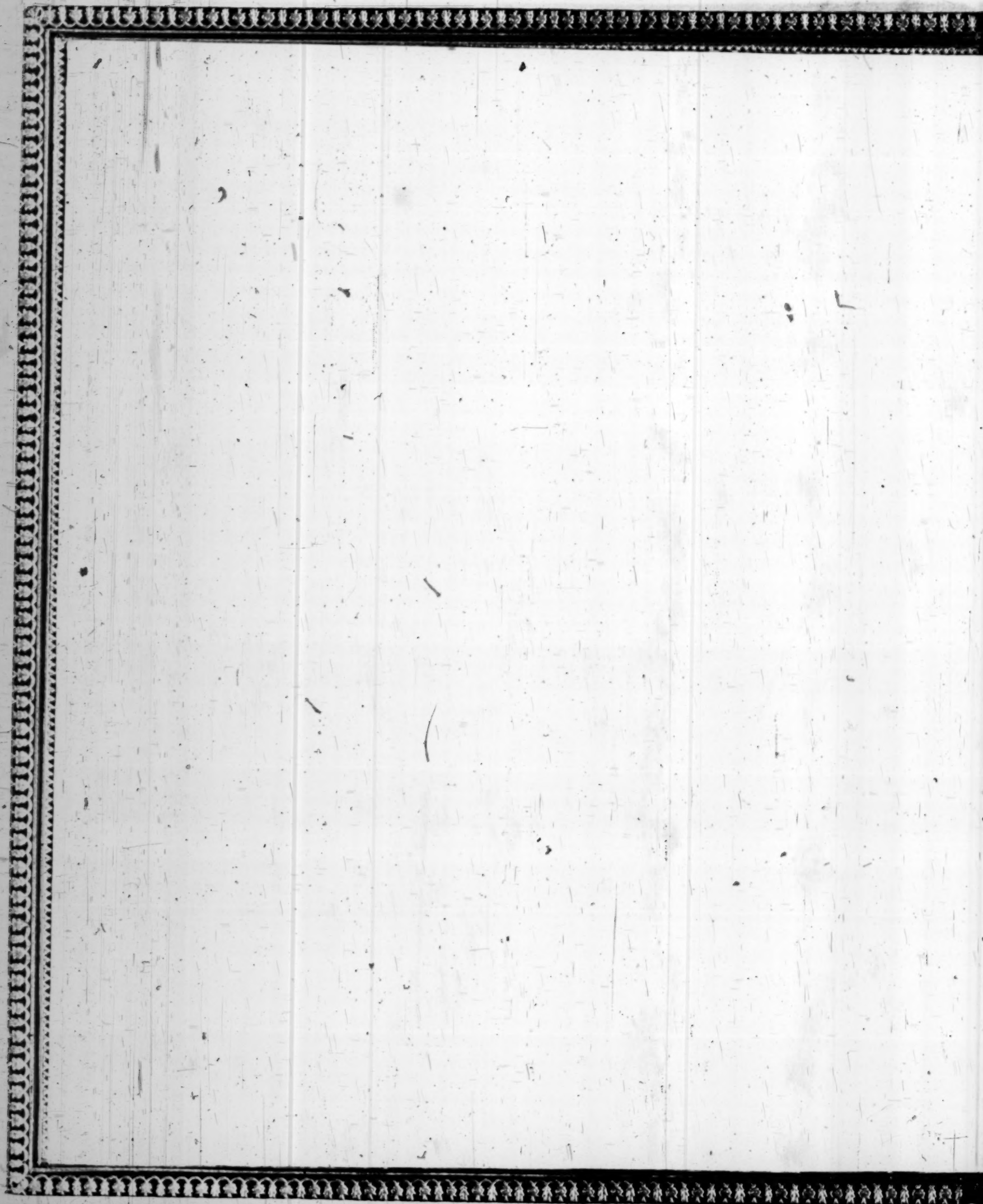
When Wise entered this play on the Registers of the Stationers' Company in February, 1597-8, he spoke of it as containing "the conceipted mirth of Sir Iohn Falstaffe." The title-page of the complete edition of 1598 has, "With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe." The title-page belonging to this fragment, if ever discovered, might possibly agree with the wording of the copyright entry.

These leaves were found at Bristol some years ago in the binding of a copy of Thomas's Rules of the Italian Grammar, 4^o. 1567.

25 May. 1867.

J. O. Halliwell.

2



of Henry the fourth

By heaven me thinkes it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale fac't moone,
Or throw into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities,
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

War. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

War. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all;

By God he shal not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shal not,
Ile keepe them by this hand.

War. You, start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shal keepe.

Hot. Nay I wil, thats flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,
But, wil find him when he lies asleepe,
And in his care ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger stil in motion.

War. Heare you cosen a word.

Hot. All studies here I sollemnly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that same sword and buckler prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of ale.

War. Farewel kinsman, ile talke to you
When you are better temperd to attend.

C. 3

North.

The Hystorie

North. Why what a waspe-stung and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne.

Hot. Why looke you? I am whip and scourged with rods,
Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you cal the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vnckle kept
His vnckle Yorke, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

North. At Barkly cattle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candy deale of curtesie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coosen:
O the diuel take such coosoners, god forgiue me,
Good vnckle tel your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We wil stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane
For Powers in Scouland, which for diuers reasons
Which I shal send you written, be assur'd
Wilesefely be granted you my Lord,
Your sonne in Scotland being thus emploied,
Shal secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelat wel belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Bristow the lord Scroop,
I speake not this in estimation,

of Henry the fourth.

As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shal bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Vpon my life it will do well:

Nor. Before the game is afoote thou still letst slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And so they shall,

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well, aimed.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To save our heades by raising of a head,

To beare our selues as euen as we can,

The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,

And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay vs home,

And see alreadie how he doth begin

To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does, wee le be reuengd on him.

Wor. Coosen farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

He steale to Glendower, and Lo: Mortimer,

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it shall happily meete,

To beare out fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertainie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive I trust.

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

Car. Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day ile be hangd,
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What Ostler.

Ost. Anon, anon.

C ii.

i Car.

The Hy storie

1 Car. I preethe Tom beat Curs saddle, put a few flockes to the point, poore iade is wroong in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore iades the bottles: this house is turned vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the prise of Oates rose, it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this bee the most villainous house in all London road for fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench, by the Masse there is nere a King christen could be better bit then I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 Car. Why, they will allowe vs nere a Iordan, and that we leake in your Chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What Ostler, come away and be hangd, come away.

2 Car. I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing Crosse.

1 Car. Gods bodie, the Turkies in my Panier are quite starued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eie in thy headle? canst not heare, and twere not as good deed as drinke to break the pate on thee, I am a verie villain, come and be hangd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadbill:

Gadbill. Good morrow Carriers, whats a clocke?

Car: I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad: I preethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car: Nay by God soft, I knowe a trike worth two of that I sayth.

Gad: I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I when canst tell? lend mee thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirrha Carrier, what time do you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee, some neighbour Mugs, weeke call vp the Gentlemen, they

of Henrie the fourth.

they will along with companie, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine, *Exit.*

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pickepurse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou varieft no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maister Gadshil, it holdes currant that I tolde you yesternight, ther's a Frankelin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard him tell it to one of his companie last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirrha, if they meete not with Saint Nicholas clearkes, giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hanging, for I know thou worshippest Saine Nicholas, as trulie as man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hāgman: if I hang, ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starueling: tut, there are other Troyans that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-flaffe fix-pennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd malt-worms, but with nobilitie, & tranquillitie, Burgo masters & great Oneyres, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continually to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will shee hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: wee steale as in a Castell cocksure: we haue the receyte of Ferneseede, wee

C iii.

walke

s
ed
8,
on
ed,
ere
ne.

The Hystorie

walke inuisible.

Cham: Nay by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernesseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Oller bring my gelding out of the stable; farewell you muddye knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto. &c.

Po. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoude Falstalfes horse, and he frets like a gumd Veluct.

Pr. Stand close: *Enter Falstaffe.*

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Pr. Peace yee fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Fal. Wheres Poynes, Hall?

Pr. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues companie, the rascall hath remooued my horse, and tied him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne his companie hourly any time this xxii: yeares, and yet I am bewicht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines. Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon you both. Bardol, Peto, ile starue ere ile robbe a foote further, and twere not as good a deed as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: Eight yeards of vneuen ground is threescore and ten myles a foote with mee, and the stonie hearted williaines knowe it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle,

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd;

Peace

Pr. Peace yee fatte guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou canst heare the treade of traualers.

Falst. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe, zbloudeile not beare my owne flesh so farre a foute againe for all the royne in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Pr. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falst. I preethe good prince, Hall, helpe me to my horse, good kingsonne.

Pr. Out ye rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Falst. Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters, if I betane, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthie tunes, let a cuppe of Sacke bee my poyson, when a ieast is so forward, and a foote too I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gad. Stand. **Fal.** So I do against my will.

Jo. O tis our setter, I knowe his voice. Bardoll, what newes.

Bar. Case ye, case yee on with your vizardes, theres mony ofne kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue, going to the kings tauerne.

Gad. Theres enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hangd.

Pr. Sirs, you foute shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Pynes and I will walke lower, if they scape from your encount, then they light on vs.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. You will not rob vs?

Pr. Yea, Edward, thou panch.

Falst. I doe stand by John of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward I am.

Pr. Well, we leaue that to the proofe.

Po. Sirha lacke, thy horse stardes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, therethou shalt find him: farewell & stand fast.

Falst. Now can not I strike him if I should be hangd.

Pr.

dis-
old
uld
ms
the
no
the
ing
of
ty,
ed
ng
ay,
ins
red
98,
ion
ed,
ere
me.

17. Ned, where are our disguises?

Po. Here, hard by. Stand close.

Falst. Now my maisters, happieman be his dole, say I, euerie man to his businesse.

Enter the trauallers.

Tranel. Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horse down the hill, weele walke a foote a while and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stand. Tranel. Iesus blesse vs.

Falst. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines thraates, a horsesone Caterpillers, bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are yee vndone, no ye fatte chuffes I woulde your store were here: on bacons on, whityee knaues yong men must liue, you are grand iurers, are ye, verle iure ye faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the Prince and Poynes.

Pr. The theeues haue bounde the true men, nowe colde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it woulde be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good raft for euer.

Po. Stand close, I heare them conming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fal. Come my maisters, let vs share and then to horse before day, and the prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowards theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes then in a wilde duche.

Pr. Your money.

Po. Villaines.

As they are sharing the prince & Poynes set upon them, they all runne away, and Falstaffe is left alone.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now my maisters, the theeues are al scattered, and possesse with feare so that they dare not meete each other, each take his fellowe for an officer, away good Ned, Falstafle sweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, were not for laughing I should pittie him.

Po. How the fat rogue roade.

Exeunt.

Enter

No. 268. Two editions.—Four leaves only of the first edition, discovered many years ago at Bristol concealed in the recesses of an old book-cover, are known to exist. This precious fragment, which I would not exchange for its surface in pearls, is one of the most cherished gems in the library at Hollingbury Copse. Although the arrangements of the forms in the first two editions materially differ, both impressions were no doubt published by Wise in 1598, and might be distinguished by the circumstance of the word *hystorie* in the head-line of the first being *historie* in that of the second. Such was the unsettled orthography of the period that its variation is no evidence in the question of priority, but that the fragment belongs to the first edition may be safely inferred from its containing a word found in no other impression, omission being the commonest error in early reprints. It is something, at this late day, to recover even a single lost word that was written by Shakespeare, Poins therein exclaiming,—“how the *fat* rogue roared!” When Wise entered the play on the registers of the Stationers’ Company in February, 1598, the title there given varies considerably from that in the second edition of that year, so that the one belonging to the fragment, if ever discovered, might possibly agree with the wording of the copyright entry. There were thus no fewer than six editions published in the author’s lifetime, a fact that testifies to the great popularity of this drama.